

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1910.

LEADS THE SABBATH ARMY

William N. Hartshorn, Millionaire and Business Man, Active
Commander-in-Chief of Huge Forces.

Staff Correspondent of The Washington Herald.
Boston, Oct. 15.—One of the common accusations against the devil-formulated ages ago into a doctrine by theologians—is his prenatal activity among children, independent of his hourly performances with men and women.

If sin and righteousness are inborn, then one's struggle to be good begins with one's great-grandfather; but that venerable relative, denying personal responsibility, hastens to shift the blame backward, where it is summarily passed along by others to the guilty and an aversible snake as found at last in the third chapter of Genesis. It is a long road and a mystifying argument.

While interpretations and deductions may differ, it is acknowledged on all hands that Satan is astray very early in the morning, not to mention pretty late at night. He has prospered, even though myriads of adversaries have met him at every turn. Religious optimists are sure, however, that he is gradually giving ground before a doom that was foreordained when the universe was made.

Warfare Against Sin.

The best organizing talent in the world to-day is energetically combating sin. Millions of dollars, exceeding all previous records, are going into missions. Religious movements, adequately financed and ably managed, are at work among the very foundations of things. The Sunday school, once the perfunctory annex of religion, where old men, pillars of the altar, taught boys, present by compulsion, and mollycoddlers, present from choice, and where old women in black bonnets and bombazine dresses instructed good little girls, has grown to be martial in its swing, interest and force—the great recruiting camp of the modern church. "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" has become as exciting as "Yankee Doodle" and a life and drum.

No matter how he is viewed as a whole, John D. Rockefeller has given the Sunday school the persuading impetus of business, commerce, and success. He is no sour, old-fashioned nonentity in a front pew, but a commanding figure with money in his pocket and a friendly look on his face. His testimony counts with boys and young men. But he is only the representative of a new common type.

A pickle maker, coming out of his mother's kitchen, where he learned his trade, into a fortune of many millions, is another conspicuous worker in the Sunday school, as rebuilt and rejuvenated on present day lines. So is John Wanamaker, as every one knows, and so is the Michigan man who discovered a substitute for whalebone, and in consequence thereof, is the owner of big factories and many bonds and shares.

Rocketeer's son and the son of Theodore Roosevelt are teachers now or have been. The Sunday school man can be found in the big advertisements of magazines and newspapers. He is doing business in Wall street and throughout the land.

Churches Exceed Saloons.

Weekiend, being noisy and getting into print seemingly multiplies its influence and numbers. There are more churches and Sunday schools in the United States, however, than saloons. The pupils total 12,670,000, and there are 1,333,000 officers and teachers. William N. Hartshorn, a millionaire and a business man, is the active commander-in-chief of this gigantic army of recruits.

Indeed, he is the greatest Sunday school figure on earth, and his name is almost as familiar in Europe as at home. Benjamin F. Jacobs, of Chicago, "a Napoleon in the field," Mr. Hartshorn said to me, "ruling with a hand of iron, as was necessary at the time," brought the Sunday schools of the world into a workable confederation. When he died, Mr. Hartshorn was his logical successor. And so a Napoleon was followed by a pacifier, a diplomatist, and a financier.

I interviewed Mr. Hartshorn at 5 a. m. Even so, he already had been working for two hours at his desk. Ordinarily, he leaves his bed at 5 o'clock. Sometimes he begins business at 4. If he is particularly busy he may get up at 3. He is a compact, muscular, and magnetic man, with a short, gray beard, and sympathetic brown eyes of the peculiar shade that invites personal confession and harrowing tales of disappointment and sorrow. Boston is his home during the winter. In summer he goes to the Rock Cottage, on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, in which there is a spare bedroom known as the "Prophet's Chamber."

Many Sided Genius.
Eminent men from every quarter of the globe have slept in the chamber—men who needed to be consoled, enlisted, and put to work. The Hartshorn genius is many sided, with power especially to bridge over differences of dogma and to silence disputes. One or two nights in the "Prophet's Chamber" has been known to turn a controversial lion into a turtle-dove.

One year Mr. Hartshorn led 800 American delegates to Jerusalem, where a world's convention was held at his suggestion. Again, he proposed the city of Rome. A month or two ago he was the recognized captain of the 4,000 men and women who met in Washington, coming from twenty-four countries and representing forty-seven denominations. He is a publisher with a large business, but he given nearly all of his time to religion. "Put Yourself in His Place," from Charles Reade, is the law of his daily practice. He married the only daughter of Daniel Sharp Ford, who owned the "Youths' Companion," but he has no children except two foster daughters.

Still, the most human part of his life, and the most pathetic, concerns his youth and childhood. He was a stammering boy, an exile in the loneliness of silence and an object of both ridicule and pity.

Glorious Victory.

If he had been a weakling he would now be a dumb and isolated farmer among the hills of New Hampshire. His struggle for speech, his courage and determination, is the strange story of a remarkable victory wrested from apparent disaster. He is a smooth and ready orator now, and few of the thousands of persons who have heard him ever dream of silence and an object of both ridicule and pity.

"Were you a plous boy?" I asked, simply to get him started and likewise in the hope of smelling a faint odor of sulfur.

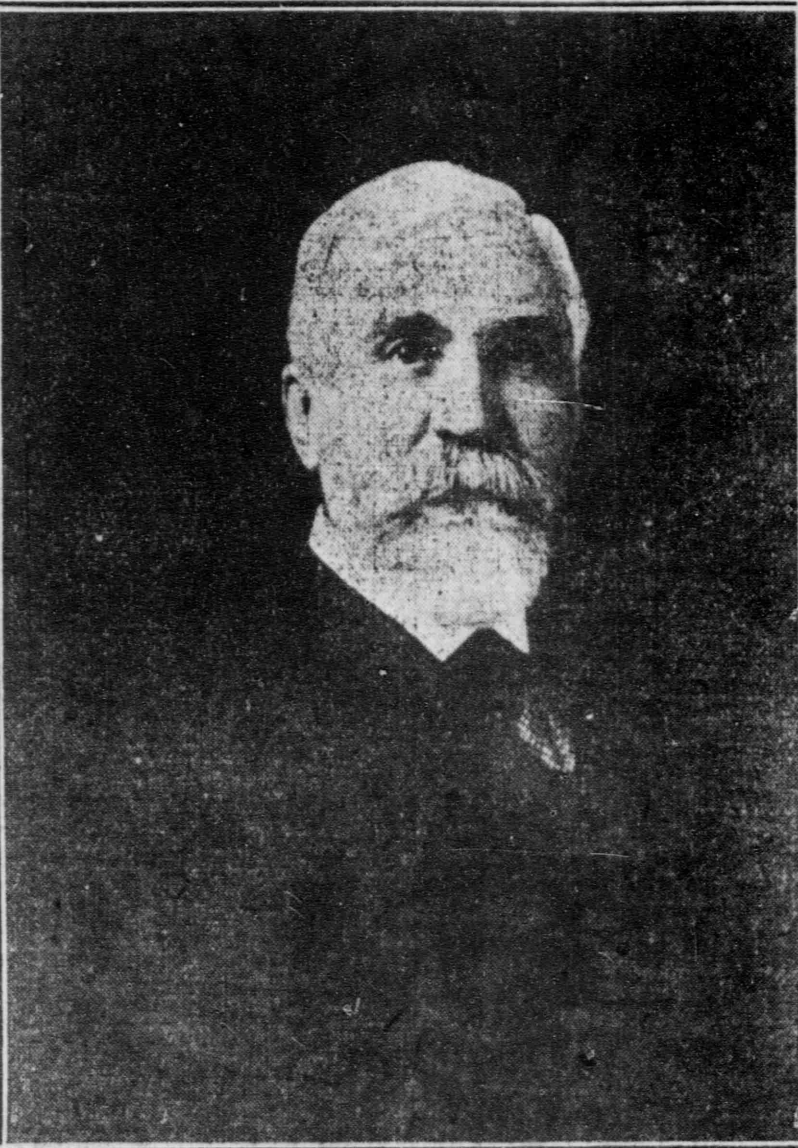
"I recollect of my mother telling me when I was five years old," Mr. Hart-

shorn said, with a lustrous laugh. "That I would go to the penitentiary if my ways were not mended. I had fallen from grace on that mournful occasion; been discolored, I suppose. Details have gone from my memory. I still hear the warning of my mother, however, and I still see my flight out of the back door, over a fence, through a field, and into the woods, with my mother in full, but losing pursuit. After dark, I came out in the brush and crept homeward. Next, I remember being in bed, up in the attic, with my mother on her knees, my hand in hers, praying that God would guard

forsook me, the advertisement overcame my prejudices. I could have returned home, but while I was in Boston to be cured of stammering, I really felt that I had left New Hampshire for good, and to go back would be a confession of failure. So I called on the man with the engravings. He treated me kindly. As a salesman he was a genius. I managed to say, by and by, what a stuttering boy had little chance for success as a peddler.

"Why," he said, "stammering ought to be helpful." And he was right about it. "You will get attention," he continued,

LEADER OF ALL SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.



WILLIAM N. HARTSHORN.

me and make me a good boy. At the age of fourteen I joined the Baptist church. My father was the superintendent of the Sunday school, and in his methods and energy was twenty-five years ahead of the whole country.

"Was he a poor man?"
"Yes, at the start; but he was enterprising and capable and soon had the best farm in the neighborhood, and before long was out of debt. He suggested the first shipments of milk from New Hampshire to Boston, and organized the business so that it was profitable to him and to others. His farm, his business in Boston, and his Sunday school were successful in all particulars."

Timid and Frightened.
"While very young," Mr. Hartshorn said in answer to a question that brought up the subject, "I met with a great misfortune. I was timid and easily frightened, and a female teacher at our district school spoke to me harshly, raising her voice and menacing me physically, so that I was terrified into the infirmity of stammering. I cannot explain the affliction, except to say that it is a nervous disease, increased by the knowledge that one is bound to stutter over certain words, and in which fear, mortification, and an acute sensitiveness are constitutive present. When I go to the telephone even now, I try to forget that such words as 'tension,' 'tension,' and 'tension,' formerly gave me trouble. Were I to think of them much, I should stammer."

"Having begun to stammer under the shock of fright, I continued to stammer during all my life at school. I never again recited aloud, and I lost my speech at home. Moreover, the older I grew the worse my impediment became. I went to school in the country, and later attended an academy, but I was a silent and morbidly sensitive student. I could do written work well enough and could put arithmetic on the blackboard, but I never attempted to speak."

"Curiously enough, I wanted to leave the farm and get out into the world. My parents, I remember, took me into a room, closed the door, and told me they understood how ambitious I was to go away and make a place for myself. They spoke of my affliction with tears in their eyes and of the certain defeat that would come to me among strangers. 'Stay with us,' they begged, 'and all the property we have shall be yours.' But their appeals of love and their promises could not keep me back."

Borrowed Money.
"A friend of my father lived ten miles from Boston. I went to him that I might have the services of a fake doctor, who advertised that he had a sure cure for stammering. I met a man at the doctor's office who was engaged in the cordage business. He was also a victim of stammering. From him I borrowed money for several months' tuition at a business college. If I were a book-keeper, I thought, employment could be obtained easily. I walked the twenty miles in and out of Boston every day and canvassed one street after another, but nobody would hire me. Of course, I was contrived in dress and manners; I was only eighteen years old, and more against me than all else I stammered terribly. Advertisements in the newspapers were answered in person, but without result, except a smile or a rough answer."

"As a boy on the farm, I had contempt for peddlers. They were lazy, I thought. But each day when I read the newspapers I saw a notice that agents were wanted to sell a steel engraving of Jesus Walking on the Water. Little by little, as hope disappeared and courage

and that is always the first step in selling pictures, books, patent chains, lightning rods. Then some persons made a boy out of sympathy. He gave me a Nashua, in New Hampshire, as my exclusive territory. An agent's outfit, he said, would cost \$5. I borrowed the money of my stuttering friend, the rope merchant. At Nashua I obtained the names of the ten most prominent families in the city.

"When one makes a fool of himself it is customary to run out of doors and call all the best people as witnesses. Realizing when a door was opened that I would stand on the step and do little more than make grimaces, I got a piece of white cardboard and wrote upon it the following explanation: 'I am selling a steel engraving entitled Jesus Walking on the Water.' It is the only engraving ever made by a woman. I should like to show the picture to the lady of the house."

Doors Shut in Face.
"The card, in a frame, now hangs on the wall of my library. Nine doors were shut in my face, one after the other, as soon as opened. 'If I fail at the next place,' I said to myself, 'I shall give up and go back to the farm.' The tenth house was the home of Mayor Gillman. I gave the card to a maid and was admitted to the front room. In a moment Mrs. Gillman came downstairs. She was a very beautiful woman, and instantly seemed to understand my case. She shook my hand cordially, invited me to be seated, and while asking about the engraving kept her eyes on the picture, instead of on me, and thus greatly lessened my embarrassment. Before I was conscious of it, I was talking to her without any difficulty whatever. She took my book and wrote her name therein as my first customer. With her patronage as a guarantee of the artistic merit of my engraving, I canvassed the town and made a handsome sum of money. If Mrs. Gillman were alive to-day, she should be an honored member of my household."

"Did you remain a peddler?" I asked.
"Oh, no. I went to Kalamazoo, Mich., where my uncle, a Dartmouth College man, was teaching school. I studied for a year and then clerked in a drug store for \$15 a month and my board, and was misused. I milked my employer's cow, took care of his horse, unloaded brick for a building he was putting up, swept the store at 6 o'clock in the morning, washed bottles, worked with kerosene and paints, and got to bed at 10 o'clock at night. The man offered to double my wages the second year, but I refused longer to work for him."

Stammering Days Over.
"However, my going to Kalamazoo practically ended my unhappy days of stammering. I met a young physician while I was attending school, who stammered as bad as I did. We talked over our affliction and decided that what we needed was a course of vocal gymnastics. Having obtained the privilege, we went to a church each morning before daylight, and while the physician stood in the pulpit and yelled at me, I stood at the door and yelled at him. We made frightful sounds, and a newspaper printed the report that the church was haunted. One morning we awakened two men who were snoring on the cushions of the pews, sleep having overtaken them while they were waiting for the appearance of the ghost. There were mutual explanations, and then the newspapers gave the facts in the case. Vocal gymnastics, backed by a determination to succeed, no matter

at what cost, brought me through my temperamental difficulties and into an unhesitating manner of speech.

"My next employment was in Detroit, where I kept the accounts of a book store. A nephew of Daniel S. Ford was my room-mate. He made the acquaintance of my sister when she came to Detroit with my mother to nurse him over an attack of typhoid fever. Later, he and his cousin, Mr. Ford's daughter, visited my sister in New Hampshire. Eventually, he married my sister, and I married his cousin. However, before Daniel S. Ford became my father-in-law, he gave me a \$2,500 position in his publishing house. I was getting \$3,500 a year at the time of my marriage."

"How did you get started in Sunday-school work?" I inquired.
"Mrs. Hartshorn and I went into what was then known as the Ruggles Street Mission, taking charge of the small children. Before we realized it, people were coming from all over the country to watch and inquire into our methods. Finally, a committee asked me to address a local convention. I had never made a speech in my life. 'I don't know anything,' I told the committee, 'about Sunday schools, but I can give you the story of the Ruggles Street Mission.' And that is the way our larger work began."

Care of Children.
"What city or country has the largest Sunday school in the world?" I asked.
"Bethany Sunday school in Philadelphia, of which John Wanamaker has been superintendent for fifty-two years, and which has a membership of 5,000, is larger than any school in this country or Europe. While Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster General in President Harrison's Cabinet he closed his desk every Saturday afternoon and went to Philadelphia that he might teach his Bible class on Sunday. Once he left his official duties to be present at the funeral of the humblest scholar in the whole school. He wrote me not long ago that if he could go back to 1835, the year his active interest began, he would give much more of his time and money to the work."

"Is the world any worse than it used to be?" I inquired.
"What do you think about it?" Mr. Hartshorn asked in Yankee fashion, answering a question by propounding another.
"If it isn't any better," I replied, "it would seem to be a nonprofessional like myself, that Christ's coming into the world has been a magnificent failure."

World More Wholesome.
"You are right," he exclaimed with vigor. "We hear of much wickedness because it is now published in the newspapers, whereas it was once gossiped about and limited in circulation to neighborhoods and villages. Failing to reflect upon the increase in population and the publicity that is given to all our actions, we fall into the error of thinking that humanity is deteriorating morally. It is not so. The world is more wholesome than ever, although there are periods of depression in spirituality, as there are recessions in business, and as there are seasons of poor crops."

"What are you emphasizing?"
"That 50 per cent of the new members joining our churches are from the Sunday schools; that most preachers were Sunday school boys; and that 75 per cent of the new churches were started in the first place as Sunday schools and nothing else. I also urge that theological seminaries teach their students the best methods of Sunday school work. Students are taught to bury the dead, marry and visit the living, and preach sermons. They need to know something else."

(Copyright, 1910, by James B. Morrow.)
Greece has always been a source of trouble to the great powers, ever since she started upon the fight for her independence, close upon ninety years ago. Insurrections, military pronunciamentos, and political crises without number, have served to cause her to be regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, especially when she commenced stirring up trouble in the island of Crete, with a view to its annexation. Crete, as every one knows, forms part and parcel of the Ottoman empire, and Greece's only claim to the possession of the island, of which St. Paul declared that all its population were Jews, is based on the fact that a moiety of the inhabitants are of Greek origin, and here by its conversion into a Greek province to drive out the rich Moslem land owners, and to secure possession of their estates.

At one moment the Greeks were imbued with a form of mania which they described as "Pan-Hellenism," which had for its acknowledged aim nothing less than the re-establishment of the ancient Byzantine empire, under a Greek ruler, and the transfer of the metropolis from Athens to Constantinople, with the command of the entrance to the Black Sea. These ambitious schemes, preposterous in a nation that has shown during its near a century of independence so little capacity for orderly self-government and for economic development—it is still without any connection by rail with the remainder of Europe—received a radical cure by the Turkish war of 1897, which the Greeks may be said to have deliberately provoked, with the idea that if they won they would gain a big slice of Turkish territory, including the island of Crete; while if they lost, they would

ATHEMIS THE STORM CENTER

Turkey Bent Upon a War at All Gost with Greece. Two Powers Concerned.

By EX-ATTACHE.

Although Portugal with her revolution, her overthrow of the Braganza-Coburg monarchy, and her establishment of a republic in its stead, has been monopolizing public attention during the last ten days or so, and no one can venture to predict the future course of events at Lisbon, yet it is Greece that just at present is the storm center of Europe, or rather, I should say, the principal source of anxiety to the great powers of the Old World. For the imbroglio in Portugal involves no international complications, and whatever fighting there is at present, or in the future, is pretty certain to be restricted to the former dominions of ex-King Manuel; whereas it will be practically impossible to limit any fighting in which the Greeks may become involved to their own particular corner of Europe.

In fact, Bulgaria, Turkey, as well as Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro, are all likely to be drawn into the maelstrom, with grave possibilities of a rupture between England, France, and Russia, on the one hand, and Germany and Austria on the other, before peace is restored. Japan, too, might have to take a hand in the quarrel, as England's ally; and although the Italian government is bound to Austria and Germany by the terms of the Triple Alliance, yet it is probable that the public sentiment of the nation would not permit King Victor Emmanuel from joining forces with Austria. Italy would counsel him to throw in his lot with Great Britain and France.

Greece a Source of Trouble.

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be protected from any serious consequences by the great powers.

It was only after they had been ignominiously routed, in a manner calculated to expose the Hellenic army to the derision of the world, that Russia put out her hand to stay the march of the victorious Ottoman troops on Athens, and compelled the Porte to content itself with the extortion of a war indemnity, under which the Greek treasury is still staggered.

Greece's independence on that occasion was preserved from annihilation, it was entirely due to the close ties of relationship between her reigning house and the other sovereign families of Europe, and likewise to popular sympathy abroad for King George, who had notoriously been forced into the war with Turkey against his will. In fact, he would have abdicated at that time sooner than embark upon a conflict for which his military and naval forces were in no wise prepared, had it not been for the pressure brought to bear upon him by the great powers to remain, convinced as they were that his departure would be followed by anarchy at Athens.

Realized Nation's Debt.

The more thoughtful people in Greece, though there are not many of them, realized how much the nation owed him in this connection, and urged him to take advantage of the situation, to suspend the constitution, to prorogue the Boule, or legislature, and establishing himself as a dictator, to use his authority as such to reorganize the army, the navy, and the civil administration in a fashion that legislative intrigues and obstruction at Athens rendered impossible. For the parliamentary life of the country, at any rate until a year ago, was in the hands of corrupt political machines, who alternated with one another in office, to plunder the treasury, and of course, the taxpayer. In fact, George was entreated to adopt the same course as that of the late Dom Carlos of Portugal, when he ousted the two thieving political machines, the progressives and the regeneradores and invested Jose France with the powers of dictator, to purge the service of the state, and political life in general, from the wholesale robbery that was responsible for the economic ruin of his kingdom.

King George, however, declined to yield to this advice. He had sworn at the time of his election to the throne of Greece to obey the constitution, and to rule in accordance with its provisions, and he intended to keep his pledge. Things went on from bad to worse. After eighteen months ago a number of officers of the army organized a pronouncement, and seized the supreme power, establishing in office a cabinet of their own composition. Their intentions, at the outset, were good. Their object was to accomplish what the King, out of respect for his plighted word, had declined to do, namely, to reform the entire administration and political system of the country, abolishing abuses and corruption. Unfortunately they permitted personal jealousies and sentiments of revenge for real or imagined slights—to bias their judgment; and among other pieces of high-handed despotism in which they indulged was to force the cabinet to exact of the King the removal of his sons from their commands in the army and in the navy.

Indeed, the King was required to insist that the crown prince and Prince George should leave the country for a time and reside abroad.

Again King George, who is a man of large private fortune and no longer in the best of health, wished to abdicate, resenting bitterly the affront placed upon him by the military dictators. And again he yielded to the urgent entreaties of the great powers that he would remain, English, French, and Russian men-of-war lying almost permanently in the harbor of Piræus in order to insure his safety, and that of those of his family who remained by his side.

Military League Falls.

The Military League, devoid of any constructive power, failed to accomplish any one of the many reforms which it had pledged itself to bring about, and in course of time became an object of such personal execration, and so divided by internecine jealousies and selfish personal ambitions that it came to grief. When it saw itself doomed, it, however, had the sense to realize that matters could not remain as they were, or revert to what they had been, and accordingly entered into an agreement with the principal political leaders of the country to convolve a national or constituent assembly, for the revision of a number of non-fundamental clauses of the constitution, with the object of rendering it more workable. This plan was agreed to by the legislature, and the national assembly has been opened by the King and is now in session.

Whether or not the assembly will be permitted to accomplish its work depends upon the Turks. For if Greece is once more a source of profound concern to all the great powers of Europe, it is this time through no fault of her own. The Young Turk party, which has been in office since the overthrow of Sultan Abdul Hamid, confronted by growing dissatisfaction in all parts of the empire, especially among the Moslem element, has determined to adopt the policy to which Bismarck had recourse when in 1870 he bound all the dissident states of the North German Confederation into one solid and united empire by confronting them with a foreign foe, and by embarking them upon a war with France.

Of all nations that the Porte could select for an adversary, Greece is certainly the one that could offer the least resistance, and that would afford the easiest victory. Moreover, if the New Turkey of the Hamidian regime they have substituted a despotism quite as cruel of their own. Indeed, it is only by a war without that they can save themselves from a revolution within the borders of

the empire. Accordingly, they have adopted a policy of the most intolerable provocation toward the Greeks.

Put a Boycott on Commerce.
Initiated by the government, a boycott has been organized throughout Turkey against Greek commerce. The Greek clergy and the Greek merchants at Constantinople and in other Turkish cities and towns have been deprived of privileges and prerogatives which they have enjoyed for hundreds of years, and that were not even taken from them at the time of the Greek war of independence, near a century ago. Huge bodies of Turkish troops are being massed upon the frontier, where bands of Turkish irregulars are making constant raids into Greek territory for purposes of rapine, plunder, and destruction. King George's envoy at Constantinople has been subjected to so much contumely by the members of the Turkish government as to render her diplomatic intercourse a matter of virtual impossibility. And, as a climax to all this, Turkey now threatens that in the event of Venezuela, who has been elected to the assembly by a number of constituencies in Greece, and who is undoubtedly the one strong man in the kingdom, its only statesman, and the master of the situation, being intrusted with the premiership, or even with a ministerial portfolio, it will regard his nomination as a casus belli.

For although Venezuela is a Greek by birth and origin, belonging to one of the oldest families of Athens, yet he has until quite recently made his home in Crete, where he distinguished himself as the most vigorous adversary of everything Turkish, and as the champion of the annexation of the island to Greece. The Porte claims him as a rebellious subject of its own. Greece, on the other hand, insists that he is a son of her soil; and there the matter rests. On Venezuela's appointment to office by popular acclaim in Greece—he is a man who is regarded by the great powers as the only man in the country possessed of the ideas of constructive statesmanship necessary to cope with the legislative and administrative chaos in Greece—Turkey will declare war. If Greece yields, Turkey will merely invoke some other pretext for a conflict. For the present government at Istanbul is bent, through motives of self-preservation, upon an immediate war with the Greeks.

Alone, the latter has no chance whatsoever against the German-trained, splendidly armed, and perfectly disciplined troops of the Sultan. The Greek army and navy of to-day are in a still more lamentable condition than at the time of their last trial of strength with the Turks. There is no organization, no discipline—officers do not salute one another, or soldiers their commanders, in the streets of Athens—the ordnance and the small arms are antiquated; while the commissariat and supply department exist merely upon paper. Both Greece and Turkey know full well that Germany and Austria will decline to intervene in behalf of the former.

Germany Supplies Munitions.
Indeed, it is Germany that has furnished the arms, the munitions, the men-of-war, and even the training that are to be used against Greece. But at Athens some hopes are entertained that Bulgaria, which has long been spoiling for a fight with Turkey, will create a diversion upon the Ottoman border, probably invading Macedonia by her magnificent army. Bulgaria would probably carry with her in that campaign both Serbia and Montenegro. Rumania, according to the latest authoritative advices from Europe, is bound by some kind of a secret convention into an offensive and defensive alliance with Turkey—a convention recently concluded through the agency of Austria and Germany. That would bring Rumania into the field against Bulgaria; and Rumania has for many years been an acknowledged party to the Triple Alliance, which would thus be drawn into the conflict.

That Great Britain, France, and Russia can afford to remain indifferent to this eruption of that universally dreaded volcano, known for a hundred years as the Eastern Question, is not for one moment to be believed; and the next two or three weeks will determine whether or not a European conflagration without parallel since the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the nineteenth century, will break out, affecting the great colonial dependencies of the powers concerned, in the Atlantic, in the Pacific, in Asia, in Africa, and in North and South America, a conflict from the embers of which, after all is over, the United States, if it holds aloof, may pick the chestnuts.

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CHEAP ANNUAL HOLIDAY.

Hop Fields a Profitable Vacation to Many Families.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.
Within the next two or three weeks the season of hop gathering in New York State will be on in full swing. Hundreds of thousands of bushels of the product will be picked from the fragrant vines and shipped by the carload to all sections of the country to be made into yeast or brewed into liquor, as the case may be.

Eager to reach the rolling farms of the hop-grower will be a great outpouring of people from New York City, and from his factory towns like Troy, Gloversville, &c. Hop time to these people of the cities means a two or three weeks' vacation at good pay, with board and lodging free.

Hop time is a season of fun and frolic for everybody but the hop grower and his wife, for whom the word hops is a synonym for work.

At this time in the hop country the weather is usually perfect; the mornings have a touch of the sharp sweetness of autumn, at noon the sun shines warm without the scorching heat of midsummer, and at night the moon lends a glamour to the most commonplace surroundings.

The children of the pickers look forward to the outing for months. The work is not hard. The youngsters treat it more like play, and are more than recompensed by the merrymaking that usually follows the day's labor. In many instances the parents allow the children to keep the funds they are paid for the work for spending money during the coming winter.